

# The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

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## HOW CHILDREN ARE MADE DRUNKARDS

The other day I attended the funeral of a dear friend and patient. When twenty years of age he promised to be one of the literary lights of this country.

The pace he set for himself was not rapid for an individual physiologically balanced, yet he could not maintain it without artificial assistance. So he was compelled—mark you, I say compelled—to keep propped by stimulants. It is a long story to a short end. The sad termination came at thirty eight.

His mother, sister and closest friends could not account for this fine boy merging into the drunkard man. I worked hard over that boy. But I had nothing to build upon. His nervous structure was sound—quick and sane.

But said his mother to me, "How could Robert become such a slave to drink? What was the cause?"

Of course there was a cause; there must be a cause for every effect. I did not know it, but I determined to find it.

The essential thing to know when treating instability is the family history of the patient. In this case the family history was excellent. He came of a sturdy Scotch stock. No nervous affliction on either side as far back as could be traced. Grandparents, father and mother were all temperate people. The sister three years older than the brother, was a normal woman, the mother of three healthy boys, athletes and strictly temperate in all things.

Yet here we had an extraordinary young man whose career was ruined because he had to have stimulants. He abhorred the vile, made mighty efforts to get along without it, but it was a physiological impossibility.

After long and minute investigations I discovered the truth—the awful, warning truth, which, when it reached the heart of his mother, brought her to the grave. She had allowed his delicate baby nerves to be poisoned, distorted, by opium and alcohol—indolently, ignorantly, of course. The mother of Robert was very ill immediately after his birth. He was given to a supposedly responsible nurse. The best intentioned nurse cannot feel the future responsibility to the child. If the child disturbs her rest and annoys her by its cries what is more natural than that she should give the baby a dose of one of the much advertised "harmless soothing syrups"? Of course baby sleeps quietly; he is in an opium sleep. Of course he looks fat and well nourished; he is drug bloated.

In this case I found that a little gain was frequently put into the baby's milk. "It is good for the kidneys," the old nurse said. Then she said it was the custom to give a little "soothing syrup" to all babies. "It helps to soften up the gums." It did. It also helped to soften up the delicate tissues of the brain.

When the mother recovered the babe was given to her. But he missed his opium; he yelled and went into spasms; every tiny nerve cell was crying for its poison. But there was a "cure" for his agony. A "soothing syrup" was given to him and he "sweetly" slept, only to be poisoned again when the effect had worn off and he cried for more.

So we buried this young man—a man poisoned by drugs when a babe and ostracized as a drunkard when a man because his nerve cells never grew to manhood's necessities.

How many mothers, and good mothers, too, are innocently and ignorantly allowing their sons and daughters to start on a drunkard's career, commencing at the cradle in the same way! These mothers forget one thing; that every healthy baby should cry and kick. That is the way of killing the large and developing the muscles. To

To give a baby any of the so-called "soothing syrups" is worse than murder—a living death. For, mark you this well: the principal ingredient in the average "soothing syrup" is some form, some derivative, of opium, laudanum or morphine. There may be one or two exceptions, but don't even allow these in the house. If it is called "tincture" remember that the average tincture contains alcohol.

No drug known is so poisonous as quickly works irreparable damage to the infant, as opium and its derivatives. It devours the nerve cell substance; weakens the tissues of the brain; it eats on a man's capacity to think or act except when he is under its influence; it is the drug that throws one to the world the poor, helpless beings that fill our reform schools, insane asylums and drunkard's graves.

The sad part of this drugging of infants is that it occurs for the greatest part among those who need all the advantages of pure food, fresh air and hygienic attention. The ignorant mothers believe the delusive advertisements, have implicit faith in the unscrupulous druggist, and the baby is opiumed from the day of its birth.

It is useless to look for moral and mental defects in the public school children when the real cause, dragging in the cradle is overlooked.

Nor is it the cruel murder of children confined to one class. Who is to blame—the woman of wealth who simply gives her child over to a hired nurse and does not take the trouble to give her baby the soothing caresses that soon lull it to sleep, or the worn out mother of the tenement, who, seeing her fretting child, ignorantly gives it opium—or, in other words, a "soothing syrup"?

I know a man whose mother believed in "soothing syrups". She would not believe that they were "doped." So, whenever the child cried it was given a spoonful of the "syrup." Of course, it made him sleep. When his "soothing syrup" days had passed by she discovered that he was nervous and fretful. He was given a "tonic to tone him up!"

The tonic contained opium again and alcohol. Of course it "toned him up." But soon the system refused to respond to the "tonic." It was not strong enough, and yet the moment he stopped the "tonic" he became listless and incapable of work. Finally he had to resort to the next more powerful drug morphine. He became a morphine fiend. He had reached a desirable professorship—one of the most successful professors in the college. But soon it was noticed that the brilliancy of his eye was unnatural, and, to make a long story short, the truth came out. He lost his professorship, he got morose, his mother died from a broken heart, and the man is today in an insane asylum. There you have a direct line from the "soothing syrups" of the cradle to the "morphine" of the man, and to the asylum.

I have said that babies get alcohol through nurses' milk. I have directly traced cases of habitual drunkenness to this cause. Quite frequently you will find a nurse who is feeding a child, who takes a glass of beer or ale with her meals and at night. She tells you that her doctor told her she needed some such tonic to keep up her strength. Now, it is not probable that a glass of beer at meal times will have any appreciable effect on the milk. Nevertheless, it is tampering with a dangerous possibility.

The human system, especially physiologically, burns up a certain amount of alcohol during the twenty-four hours and use up in her system every drop of the alcohol so that none is left in the secretions. Be—and here is the important point—she may at any time excrete this amount. She may take in more alcohol than the

tissue can burn and the residue

here the excess alcohol will be found, and your little baby gets its first poisonous drink. And if your baby is getting any of the by-products of beer or whiskey it will soon become fretful and irritable. It is then only a short step to the bottle of "soothing syrup."

The wands of babies are started on drunkard's careers in this way. And that is but one way to avoid it. Never soothe a child except by Nature's own ways. The moment a "syrup" or "tincture" or "cure" of any sort is advertised as putting a baby to sleep, or soothing it, look out for it. That is the article, of all others, you do not want in your home to give your child. From such concoctions, with their morphine, opium or laudanum, do we make drunkards of our children.—By William Lee Howard, M. D., in Ladies' Home Journal.

## COW ATE DYNAMITE

AND FOR A TIME THERE WAS CHAOS ON THE FARM.

Peculiar Diet of Bovine Simply Unsettled Everything—Caused Labor Complication Among Other Things.

Queer demands are coming from the farmers on the line of the new aqueduct, says the New York Times.

A claim for "one dynamited cow" was settled the other day. When the claim reached the controller it called for \$425. The controller turned it over to the board of water supply, which in turn sent Engineer Charles E. Davis to investigate. The claimant was John McCauley, of Brown's station, Uster county. The engineer's force had been at work near his place. The claim, he said, included the tramping down of growing grain.

"Was the cow blown up?" asked the engineer.

"Not exactly," said the claimant, "but she scared up all to death. You see, one of the engineers had left a stick of dynamite in a field and the cow ate it. She probably thought it was an ear of corn or something. You know how hard it is to get any hired man in this section. Why, the department of agriculture has sent out circulars telling the farmer how to get over the labor difficulty. I've got one of them up to the house."

"Well, some of the help I have had read that circular that was lying about the house, and then they kicked for more pay. There was Ed and John."

"What's that got to do with the cow?" asked the investigator.

"Well, I was telling my story in my own way. You see, labor is scarce, and I had got that darned circular leaked up in a closet, and I was hoping to keep Bill with me for a little, when Bill and I was walking through that field toward the cow. We saw her eating something and we didn't mistrust anything until we got up close to her just as the end of the stick was sticking out of her mouth, and I saw what it was."

"What's she eating?" asked Bill. "I didn't feed her anything."

"Bill," says I, "if there's one thing of which I wouldn't suspect you it's your work. I know darn well you didn't feed that cow anything. But she's fed herself," says I, "and it's darned hot stuff," says I.

"Bill," he looked a little queer.

"What is it?" says he.

"Dynamite," says I.

"My God," says he.

"I stood still for so long a time that I thought he wasn't afraid. All of a sudden the cow turned and walked toward him."

## PERTINENT REFLECTIONS

When a person has lived more than seventy years he finds himself inclined very frequently to think of death in a serious and earnest manner, for while the young may die the aged must soon go hence. It is then the doctrine of eternal life imparts a feeling of perfect peace to a believer in Jesus Christ, and words like the last seven verses of the 17th chapter of John are consoling beyond expression. The peaceful solace such verses impart convinces one that the Bible will always appear to its devout readers the more precious, the more they comprehend that every word in the Bible which they take up and apply to their own case is ever applicable to all placed in the instances implied by the context of the word.

To persons thus bearing the mysterious burden, whence no traveler returns for the present until our Lord comes it is so very encouraging to learn that the Bible is appreciated by the foremost men now living, and who represent the highest attainments in scientific researches yet reached.

One of the more distinguished of such persons to whom patient research, thorough investigation, relentless, logical inferences, and positive evidence are necessities pure and absolute, before they make up their minds on any subject, has quite recently published a book, that has for its title: "The Substance of Faith Allied with Science." In this book the noted scientific writer deliberately tells his readers what he believes. He declares that he "believes in one Infinite and Eternal Being, a guiding and loving Father, in whom all things consist." He believes that "Divine Nature is specially revealed to man through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lived and taught and suffered in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago, and has since been worshipped by the Christian church as the immortal son of God, the Saviour of the world."

He moreover believes that the "Holy Spirit is ever ready to help us along the way toward goodness and truth; that prayer is a means of communion between man and God, and that it is our privilege through faithful service to enter into the life eternal, the communion of saints, and the peace of God." What a satisfaction it ought to be for any one who trusts the teachings of the Bible and makes it the aim of his life to bind himself in such good company as such a scientist must be, who is willing to risk his illustrious reputation for safety and sanity in the face of so many famous persons whose lives imply something so very different with such good company. Our believing reader may well afford to be lenient and make allowance for unbelieving friends, for our Blessed Teacher said many things that really appear much too good to be strictly true. Among these many strange good things are the seven verses already referred to. Let this paper be concluded by repeating four of these wonderful verses:

"Neither pray I for these alone but for them also which shall believe on me through thy words; That they all may be one; as thou Father art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one; I in them, and thou in me that they may be made perfect in one; that the world may know that thou hast sent me and hast loved them as thou hast loved me." John 17:20-23.

W. T. P.

Magician Had Good Escape. The English wife of a Chinese "magician" summoned him for desertion. He explained that she had grown so stout that it was now impossible for him to perform his trick of turning her into a duck.

Of Ancient Kings. It's a queer blag, but it doesn't matter.

The One Thing That Counts.

## Visit to the Marlinton Hospital.

When at Marlinton last week, we called at the Hospital there to see our young friend, W. Guy Johnston, who keeps the books and accounts of the institution and makes himself generally useful in looking after the interest of the Hospital in the lumber mills along the Greenbrier. Guy introduced us to Dr. Guilford and Yeager, proprietors of the establishment, two wide awake, up-to-date, highly intelligent and skillful young physicians and surgeons who are doing a great work for the many afflicted persons brought to them for treatment. They have a large, commodious building, well arranged and admirably equipped with all necessary modern appliances, and X-ray machine, a costly sterilizer, improved instruments, etc., the use of which Dr. Guilford kindly and fully explained. Indeed he took us over the entire establishment, into every ward, introduced us to every patient, showed how each was afflicted and what had been and was being done for his relief. Here was a boy whose arm had been torn off at the shoulder; a man, the bones of whose leg had been crushed and broken into fragments; a little two-year old girl suffering with tuberculosis of the bone of her right leg; a man who was getting well after nine months treatment for tuberculosis of the skin; a young lady who had just been operated on for appendicitis, and a man whose spinal column had been dislocated the day before by a blow from a heavy piece of timber completely paralyzing all the lower part of his body and his legs. We were kindly permitted to witness the process by which this man's dislocated spinal column was restored to its normal position. The operation was a very simple one—the man being simply stretched at full length by four stout men while Dr. Guilford, with his hand, pushed the bone back into its proper position. The patient was then placed, flat on his back, on a bed and securely fastened so that he could not move, in which position he will have to remain for the next six weeks. This was Mr. Chas. D. Simmons, superintendent of the Rains Lumber Co., at Seebert. When we left Marlinton, Wednesday afternoon, he was doing well though in a very critical condition.

Dr. Guilford is a native Pennsylvanian whose experience in Pittsburg and other hospitals has been very extensive. He informed us that he would leave for London in January where he will spend nine weeks studying under eminent London physician, the treatment of certain diseases by inoculation.

Dr. Yeager is to the manner born being a son of Brown M. Yeager, Esq., long one of the prominent men of Pocahontas county. He feels an honest pride in the work he is doing for suffering humanity while making for himself an enviable reputation as physician and surgeon.

We were greatly interested in our visit to this hospital, appreciated the courtesies extended by the very polite proprietors and congratulate the town of Marlinton and the county of Pocahontas in having at the county seat an institution so well equipped and so well prepared to minister to the many ills that flesh is heir to.

Greenbrier Independent.

Large Now. Col. Higginson once met two Cambridge boys, not long past their sixth birthdays, and asked them if they had enjoyed their walk and what they had found to talk about. "Oh," answered one, with an air of definitely acquired wisdom, "we've been talking about foolish things we used to think when we were little."

Thought Brokenman Steered. The little girl had become well acquainted with automobiles long before she had ridden in a railroad train, and she had even attempted to help her father steer on the family's automobile trips. When she clambered on the steam cars for the first time she was much excited and her questions fairly tumbled over themselves. Finally she noticed the brakeman turning the wheel between the two cars. She watched him approvingly for a few minutes and then as he suddenly left the wheel she grasped her father in alarm.

Tell him to go back, papa; he must go back," she shouted.

Papa looked at her in amazement. "Who must go back, Dorothy?" he asked.

Herse Bath in Mexico. In Guadalajara, Mexico, there are public horse baths, where the animals thoroughly enjoy swimming after the

## The Prohibition Wave

The prohibition movement in the United States seems to be gaining ground rapidly. The Prohibition party as a political entity is practically a back number, but the prohibition movement still sweeps on regardless of partisanship. Nor is it confined within any single section of the country. The move is widespread. Four entire states have absolutely prohibited the manufacture and sale of liquor, and from one half to eleven twelfths of seven-tenths of other States are dry. Six of the remaining twenty-three out in large sections of dry territory. In truth, we might say that one half of the nation no longer favors the licensed saloon.

The four prohibition States are Kansas, Maine, Georgia, and North Dakota. These States combined have a population of 5,500,000. At least 25,000,000 persons live in the local prohibition territory of the thirty-three other States affected by the anti-saloon regulations. That which is most encouraging to the temperance workers is the fact that in many of the States local option has been adopted only recently. The time will probably come when a majority of the States will declare the sale of liquor illegal.—Morgantown Chronicle.

THE LAY OF THE EGG.

Six Hundred Eggs Are Due from a Small Fowl. "How many eggs is a hen wound up to lay during the term of her natural life, do you suppose?" said the man who has investigated. "No idea, eh? Well, sir, a good, healthy hen—now speaking of any particular breed, but just here—a good, healthy hen does not fulfill her destiny until she has turned out 600 eggs—fifty dozen. That's what Nature has fitted a hen to do in the way of eggs, and she gives her eight years to do it in," says a writer in *Brown's Magazine*.

"The first year of her egg-producing life a hen lays only 20 eggs, but in the three succeeding years she rolls up the score of 375. This leaves only 230 that she must give that many chickens for in the remaining years that she must stand on duty in that line, and she divides the task among those four years so that in the eighth year she lays only 30 eggs again—the number she started in with. Then she has ended her career as an egg producer, and too often, if she is in the hands of a thrifty owner, begins another career, short and delusive—this time as the summer-boarder spring chicken."

"And speaking of eggs, there is a lot about them, familiar as they are to everybody, that people don't suspect. Now, here's an egg that would be a rooster if it was hatched. Wrinkled eggs hold roosters in embryo. A protoplasmic hen lurks in the egg with a smooth-shell shell.

"There is water a-plenty in an egg, but no more air than there is in a hamster. So long as you can keep air out of your egg it will remain sweet and fresh, but no one has ever succeeded in keeping it out by fair means more than six days. The insidious oxygen is bound to find its way through an egg-shell's pores, and the only way to save that egg is to eat it. It sounds funny, but the instant you give an egg fresh air that instant you ruin its health."

Foolhardy Fame. An Italian, whose name is of no consequence, has climbed to the summit of one of the three highest peaks of the Mont Blanc range, called the Dame Blancs. This peak is 11,400 feet high, and the last 1,000 feet of the ascent was over a smooth and practically perpendicular rock. It was gained 13 hours to make it, and when done the man of misdirected energy and enterprise actually thought he had achieved fame. But, after all, what sort of fame is it? The man had risked his life to accomplish what? To be able to say he had climbed to a spot on the mountains that no other person ever did? It is the sort of fame gained by the youth who fired the Ephesian dome. It will be remembered as an act from which no useful consequences can flow and in which life was recklessly imperiled in order that a fool might cry out, "I did it!"

In the fact there was no contribution to science, to morals or to the general knowledge of the world.

Referees in Bankruptcy. Notice is hereby given that on the 4th day of October, A. D., 1907, the said A. E. Eaton was duly adjudicated bankrupt; and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at my office in the Citizens Bank Building, Charleston, Kanawha county, West Virginia, on the 19th day of October, 1907, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, it being manifestly inconvenient to the parties interested to hold the same in Pocahontas county, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint trustees, examine the bankrupt and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

## To Combat Losses from "Bluing" in Lumber Yards

The Forest Service has under taken a series of experiments at Bogalusa, La., with the object of rendering lumber immune from the attacks of "bluing," thereby lessening what at present is a serious loss. Lumbermen through all the Southern States, and indeed in many other portions of the country, are familiar with the large amount of damage caused by the so-called "bluing" or "staining" of the sapwood of freshly cut lumber, when exposed to the open air. This staining is not an inherent quality of the wood, but is due to the growth of low forms of plants called fungi, all of which probably belong to the genus *Cratichneum*. This plant is too low in the scale of life to produce true seeds, but, as a substitute, it produces microscopic organisms called spores, which, when ripe, are carried by the wind in countless numbers.

The air of forests, and especially in the vicinity of lumber yards, is so infested with such spores, that when timber is placed in the yard to dry, it is immediately infected with them. If the timber happens to be moist, and possesses the necessary food to support the life of the plant, the spores immediately germinate and send in little threads, or hyphae, to penetrate the tissues. Their action decomposes the sap, and causes the wood to become discolored, and consequently it is known popularly as "bluing." The deterioration in value of lumber on account of this pest amounts to thousands of dollars each year.

It is well known that bluing can be prevented by drying the lumber in kilns as soon as it leaves the saw. This is expensive, however, and unless great care is taken, considerable depreciation in its value will occur. There are also patented processes by which the timber is immersed in certain alkaline solutions.

The work could be simplified, if the lumber were piled in open forms, so that quick seasoning would take place, for the spores of the bluing fungus can only germinate in the presence of considerable moisture. But to pile lumber in this manner requires more space than if closed piles can be used. Hence the problem which the Forest Service has set itself to solve is by no means a simple one, and its results will be awaited with great interest by manufacturers of lumber all over the country.

In the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of West Virginia. In the matter of A. E. Eaton, individually and as a member of the firm of Potter & Eaton, of Ulysses, Potter county, Pa., Bankrupt.

In Bankruptcy. To the creditors of A. E. Eaton, of Watoga in the county of Pocahontas, and district as aforesaid, a bankrupt.

Notice is hereby given that on the 4th day of October, A. D., 1907, the said A. E. Eaton was duly adjudicated bankrupt; and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at my office in the Citizens Bank Building, Charleston, Kanawha county, West Virginia, on the 19th day of October, 1907, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, it being manifestly inconvenient to the parties interested to hold the same in Pocahontas county, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint trustees, examine the bankrupt and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

W. G. MATHEWS, Referee in Bankruptcy. October 4th, 1907. Memorandum.

Schedule shows no assets available and not exempt. Proof of claim in order to be allowed must be in strict conformity with the form prescribed. Proof of claim should be accompanied by filing fee of 25 cents.

Herses Bath in Mexico. In Guadalajara, Mexico, there are public horse baths, where the animals thoroughly enjoy swimming after the

## The Baltimore Man

A Baltimore man is a Baltimore man wherever his feet may tread, Whether he walks in the cities of life or valleys of dust and dead! A Baltimore man is a Baltimore man wherever his way may lead, With the open heart and the friendly hand and the spirit of gracious deed: The Baltimore man is true, and just, and wise, and keen, And you'll know him among a million men wherever his face is seen!

A Baltimore man is a loyal man to city and land and State, To fight for right with a valiant arm and hate with a deadly hate! A Baltimore man is a gallant man, nor ever on earth walked knight With such respect for the womanhood that conquers the world with light:

The Baltimore man is fair—to the high, or mean and low, And the Baltimore man is a gentleman wherever he may go! A Baltimore man is a Baltimore man—wherever his path may stray.

With the Baltimore air and the Baltimore spell and the fine old Baltimore way! A Baltimore man is a nobleman, no beggar, or prince or king, Who holds a woman so near to God that her arms are a folded wing: The Baltimore man is ideal—and holds as a deathless trust— A heart of love for his native town and the dear old Maryland dust. —Published by request of a Baltimore man.

A Mighty Hunter. Mr. VanBuren Arbogast, wife and niece, Miss Ledbetter, of Dunlevie, Pocahontas county, came down the Greenbrier on the 11 o'clock train Tuesday morning, and spent the day and night in Roncoverte, the guests of their old friends Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cackley. This was their first visit to Roncoverte and they expressed themselves as highly pleased with our little city. They left on No. 20 Wednesday morning on a 15-day trip to Richmond state fair, Jamestown Exposition, Baltimore and Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Arbogast were married on the day Abraham Lincoln was elected President. He has always lived at the place where he now resides, having been born there 72 years ago. The new town of Dunlevie has been built on land that belonged to his farm.

Mr. Arbogast was a good hunter and marksmen in the bygone days when game was plentiful in the Allegheny mountains. He has killed over 600 deer during his career. The greatest number killed during one fall or hunting season was 32, besides five or six killed during the summer, called red deer but not counted in the fall killing.

Of the venison killed in 1863 (war time) he sold the hams for \$2.00 per pound and the other parts of the deer at \$1.00 per pound. He made a trade of the deer skins that fall with a neighbor for wool, estimating the skins at old (before the war) prices and the wool the same way. He got 110 pounds of wool for the deer skins, and his wife spun and wove it into blankets, coverlets, flannel and jeans for wearing apparel. That year (1863) he paid \$600 for a barrel of flour and \$90 for a 5 pound bale of cotton yarn; cotton cloth sold at \$8 per yard. Mrs. Arbogast bought a fine comb for \$11 and paid for it in butter at \$4 a pound.

Besides the great number of deer killed by Mr. Arbogast he slew much other game; he killed two panthers in one day. He also killed wolves, and caught several bears and wolverines in traps. On three different occasions one bullet from his trusty rifle brought down two deer at a time. On